

A
L E T T E R

TO THE

Reverend Dr. BENTLEY.

UPON THE

CONTROVERSIE

Betwixt Him And

Mr. BOYLE

L O N D O N,

Printed, and Sold by J. Nair, near Station-
ers-Hall, MDCCCLX.

J. E. T. H. R.

Reverend Dr. B. M. T. R.

1857

CONTRIBUTOR

MR. BOY A.

LONDON

Printed and sold by J. Watt, near Station-Hall, MDCXCIX.

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L E T T E R

To the Reverend Dr. BENTLEY.

S I R,

I Have always read your Writings with as much satisfaction as advantage, and I am to give you thanks for both: Seeing they are so useful to the World as well as to my self, that there might be a just proportion between the Benefit and the Acknowledgment, I would here give you the thanks of all Mankind, if I could have that ambitious thought of being considerable enough to represent them, or worthy to have a Commission from them. Having had the advantage of being acquainted with your Writings, I cannot chuse but covet another of a Correspondence with the Writer, as when we have tasted or viewed many good things from some excellent Country, we desire to see and know the pleasant and fruitful place from which they came. I have chosen and am contented with a present Correspondence by Letter, as Persons, when at distance from each other, use to do; for so our being Strangers to one another has placed us at such a distance. You write, Sir, to the World; I think it honour enough to write to you, who make so fair a Figure in the learned part of the World. Amongst your other Writings, you have been pleased to oblige your Readers with an Appendix to the Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning, and therein you have given a new and lively Instance of the Modern. As you, Sir, in your high regard to Truth and to Learning have attempted to

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prove,

prove, that some Books were never from those Authors whose Name they bear, so in my high regard to your self, I beg leave to say, I wish you had not been the Author of that Book which is called by your Name, and was written upon that Design. Some Criticks, who seem to understand the true Interest of the Commonwealth of Learning almost as well as your self, and who are prime Ministers in it, have told me, that it would much more advance this Interest, not to disturb Mankind in the Opinion they have of those Books, but to give them leave to go on in the quiet possession and harmless enjoyment of them: When a Book ceases to be thought genuine, it often ceases to be useful, we rise up against it, because it would impose upon us; as every Man declares himself an Enemy to a common Cheat, and we cannot easily believe there is any thing good in him who has deceived us. When a Reader hears that a Book had no such Author it pretends to, he is apt to think it has nothing else, nothing which deserves the reading; his opinion of it is less, and so there must be a lessening of his improvement from it. The suspicion which begins at the Author is carried on to the Book, and does not end where the first Man designed; as often the Magician raises a Spirit, that will go farther and stay longer than he intended. Some Errors indeed are more innocent if continued, than if removed; as there may be more safety in keeping a Disease, than in attempting a Cure; and there are such Dreams which we would not quit, or awake to lose them. A Book is often valued, like a Man, for its Title, and that seldom is read where this is disliked; as Fancy it self forbids any Effect of that Remedy which has a Name less agreeable to prescribe it. Suspicion is always boundless, and here it has an influence, not only upon Books which are doubtful, but upon those which are not. The Credit of Learning (which is to be supported as well as that of the State, or of Trade) would hang very loose, if there must be the same strict Evidence for Authors of Books, as there is to be often in Law for those of Facts; if Books are to have no faith without a particular friend to vouch

vouch for them, and to swear that he saw them written, as an Oath is sometimes required, in judicial process, to a Person's Hand or Writing. *Demosthenes* and *Cicero*, *Thucydides* and *Livy*, *Aristophanes* and *Terence*, *Plato* and *Aristotle* may be spurious; the Writings to which all Ages have paid so awful a Reverence must no more have any from ours, and thus we may bid adieu to Learning, and to all the eager pursuits, all the noble achievements therein. There is no longer any use of Libraries or Library-keepers, not only that of *Ptolomy*, with so many hundred thousand Volumes, but every other Library may be burnt, *Goths* and *Vandals*, *Turks* and *Saracens* may destroy all the publick Monuments of Learning, and when they have done their worst, may do no harm. This indeed is a Consequence which only School-boys may rejoice in, that they may be delivered from the servile discipline of the Rod, and from the grievous toyls of Learning; but a Consequence which is as far from your Design, as it is from your Interest to promote, who have your self so large a share in Learning, and the wealthy and glorious Spoils thereof: You, Sir, can no more intend any thing to the disadvantage of Letters, than a pious Man can decry Religion, or a skilful Statesman the Art of Government. Either there is Learning in the suspected Books, or there is not; if there be none, let the want only of that be the fault, and not of the Authors they profess to have; if there be any, this Perfection is so great, that the not having such a particular Writer does not make them imperfect, and whoever were the Authors, the Books are useful. The best Writer does not add to the intrinsic value of the Book, and a worse does not take away from it; As the Fiocco of a Cardinal's Horse at *Rome* gives no addition to the worth of the Beast, any more, than the Cap does, or, if it had a Feather besides, would do that of its Master the Cardinal. An Author is but a Name, and so cannot act or have an influence on Things, and should have none upon Men: How little virtue or worth there is in a Name, we may easily believe, if we remember what a modern Writer tell us of that (once so great) of *Cesar*, that

now *he lives only in five Letters*, all his greatness is dwindled into so narrow a compass; for a Letter is next to nothing. The Civil Law pronounces this for a Maxim, That when *Titius* is dead, he is called no longer *Titius*; and then no Book, when the Author is dead, should have any Name before it. The Wise (however they are the few) have always so little regard to Titles or Names, and suppose in them so little force, and in Things so little want of them, that they are far from being afraid lest the Pillars of the World should not stand, or the Course of Nature should not go on, without them, to fix the Foundation of the one, and to move the Wheel of the other. The same Criticks aforesaid told me in our late Conversation, what I must leave to your Judgment without declaring my own, that the Thought and the Industry of a Churchman may be placed much better, than in the nice and airy Censures of Books, that the Profession of Divinity has a Beauty too charming, and Accomplishments too great to admit a Rival, and Treasures too vast to need any help for the enriching him who makes his addresses to her, that he, who professes it, is too busie a Man to be at leisure for toilsome Pageantries, profound Trifles, and learned Bubbles, that the business is enlarged enough to claim a disengaged, entire, whole Man; and as the practice of Religion requires a Mind not hovering in the Air between that and the World, so the close Study of it demands one not distracted between that and Secular Entertainments, that the true Mother would not divide the Child, and there is no need of *Solomon's* Wisdom to distinguish him for the true professor of Theology who would not split or divide himself. And this, Sir, is no debasing or lessening of you, that they would not have you debased or lessened by your self in your Undertakings, that they suppose you made for higher things, and they would not have the grandeur of a lofty Eagle exercised, however that of an Emperor was, in catching Flies. They go on till they seem to prescribe to you a Task of something which the many learned Pens have left to be done by yours; as he who praises the late Translation

tion of *Lucretius* in all the flourish of poetical Panegyrick, does at the same time tell the Translator what new advances he should make, and the World expects, for the doing right to other Books, which wanted the same Hand, and would be improved by the same Art. The Primitive Fathers were indeed great Masters in human Learning, they made use of it to excellent purpose in their Apologies and Writings, they defended Christianity in the most artful method, by turning the Cannon against Heathenism, and opposing the Pagan Religion with Pagan Learning; but amongst all their Disputes they left to the Heathens themselves the glorious Privilege of disputing upon the Authors of their Books, supposed not the truth of Christianity to depend on the truth of the Titles of their Writings. They mixed not with such thin and dry and barren Controversies, they were contented with debating only whether some Gospels which were offered to them, were compiled by those Saints whose Names they were presented and adorned with. The enquiry may be very far from being useful upon those Books, which can so little give to or take away any strength from Religion, that they have no relation to it, or correspondence with it: But very useful this pursuit may be, and very worthy of a Christian, more of a Divine, to know, and to make others know whether some Writings which are ascribed to the ancient Fathers are justly ascribed to, and are the lawful Offspring of those Fathers, because otherwise our Adversaries may take them into their Hands, and so disable ours; as we are to nail and dismount the Guns which our Enemy will seize and use against us. False Books may be suborned for Evidence to a false Religion, as counterfeit Writings are brought in to assert a wrongful Title. ~~There~~ There have been nice enquiries upon some Books, as the Oracles of the Sibyls, &c. the antiquity whereof has been unquestionable, if not their truth, and which, if they do no service to Religion, yet at least do no disservice to it: If there be no disservice to Religion in such Writings, there may be some in these anxious Questions upon them; there may be no less doubt whe-

whether these Enquiries are truly useful, than whether those Books are truly what they profess to be. If they are called pious Frauds, weak Men may hence take occasion to think; and ill Men to call every pious thing by that Name, and then these Questions are guilty of this not very pious Fraud and Injury to Religion, that they destroy and wound the Cause, and expose it to all the Evils of scepticism and reproach. You cannot but observe, and with the same zealous Indignation with which other good Men have observed, that a late Author makes his tour of doubting upon several Books, till the sacred Volumes are dragged within the Circle of his unhallowed Suspicion, and till his own Principles are much more suspected than any Writings of others; He disclaims indeed the Thoughts, but then he should first have abhorred the Words, by which every one understands, and would express such Thoughts; Heinous Errors have been seldom owned upon severe enquiry, as hurtful Creatures fly into Holes and Coverts when pursued; Hereticks appear in their own Colours only to their Party, and in a disguise to those they would seduce; as Thieves are to be seen only by their Companions, and there is a Vizard for them whom they would rob; upon a Chace fierce and close, the Leaders in Heresie have often dropt their Opinions in the way, when they became too heavy for a flight; as the wiser Beast leaves behind it that part of its Body, for which it is Chaced, and the whole is in danger. I was glad to find the Criticks, when they took notice of your Books, so gentle, and in such a fit of good humour; for they are sometimes very unmerciful angry Men, and they perform Military Execution with the fiercest rage, like the *Inniskilling* Heroes, they conquer all before them, Horse and Foot, ~~like the~~ the *Spanish Miquelets*. Indeed they do not kill, and little thanks to them, because the Men commonly are dead already, but they shew their good will, and like the Inquisition, sit in Judgment upon them, and with more severity than the three Judges in the Hell of the Poets. They are so much the terrors of Libraries, that whenever they come within the Doors, one would think the Books, if they

they were not chained, should in the same instant quit their places, and fly from the dangerous Enemy. They censure Writings as some do Actions, without any reason, till their Criticism is Slander; and when they find or imagine so many Faults, all the while the fault is no where but in themselves. They shoot their Darts, poysoned as they are, at randome, without aim or view; we might desire for them, as *Momus* did for the Bull, that their Eyes were in their Horns, to see where they pusht. They fight with their Pen, as a certain Earl would have fought with his Weapon, who, when a very angry Gentleman sent him a Challenge, was ready to accept it, but upon his own Conditions; he would chuse his Weapon and his Ground, he would fight with a Pole-ax in a dark Cellar. Seeing the Criticks make their attacks upon you, and with such an air of fierceness throw their Wildfire, and call it Bombs, to burn up every Leaf of your Books, I would come in with all my Forces to raise the Siege and to relieve you, if you could need relief, if you were not so strong within your self, and so well provided in your Garrison, that you could hold out long and make vigorous Sallies against them. I would roast them in their own brazen Bull, and according to the Law, as just as any in the twelve Tables, or in the Code of *Justinian*, in all their artifice of destruction for others, they should perish by their own Art themselves. But the severest thing which you and I can say, we will suppose to them is, not destruction and punishment, it is diversion and banquet, and then as they are often pleased to entertain Mankind with Remarks on others, so, because one good turn requires another, we may entertain them with Remarks upon themselves: Perhaps they would be willing to carry on and force a Trade at any rate, though at their own expence, and, as some carry on theirs, with loss. If the thing be far from entertaining, and be most unpleasant, yet it may be offered to them; as the Physician, when in the profound leisure of not prescribing to others, may, to keep his Hand in use, condescend to take Physick himself.

I have met with some in my frindly Correspondences who were Criticks too, but here not so much in Learning as in Actions, and these seemed to think Mr. *Boyle* had a claim to the best sort of treatment, for the sake of that great Man his Uncle, to whom you had once a Relation in Business, as he has in Birth: I must confess, I had so high an esteem for his Person when living, and now for his Memory when dead, and always for his Piety and Learning, in which he will never dye, that if Mr. *Boyle* had been guilty of greater Errors than he can be accused of, I should have placed them to his Account, who has all the Credit with me, and is rich enough to discharge more frightful Sums, to answer more bulky Debts than any young unthrifty Writer of his Name could ever have contracted. The sparing of such an Author, I am willing to suppose, might well have been allowed to that extraordinary Man, as a mighty Conqueror in the midst of his warlike and triumphant Wrath, spared a City for the sake of its Inhabitant and Native, an eminent Philosopher, Such an Acknowledgment and Boon might be frankly thrown in to that Family, which gave such an Ornament to the Nation, and Blessing to the World; as we have a particular value for the Mine from which golden Treasures are taken, and for the Garden in which Plants of beauty and health do grow. My honour for Mr *Robert Boyle* is as old as just, I had often occasion to see him, and as often as I saw, to admire him in my early Years, and as often as I admired, to repine that I could not do so enough, and this was the only dissatisfaction upon the sight of an Object which was always charming. I then receiv'd these Impressions which afterwards grew and were establisht, my Mind was filled with bright Ideas and the noblest Images of him, as the Pattern and the Glory of the Age, and I presently thought of him when I would think of a Man truly Great and Happy, because, with his other Accomplishments, most truly Good. I saw a Book from *Malpighi*, the *Italian* Author, presented to him with all the acknowledgments of his being no less Learned than Noble, as if it were not to go into the World
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but with a Passport from him ; and when I have heard his praises from foreign Nations, I rejoyced in the glory of my own, and in the worth of the Man, and I had this new pleasure, that other Nations could not, like the seven Cities for *Homer's*, contend for his Birth, when they wonder'd at his Perfections. But Mr. *Boyle* has yet another Title to all the regard which you, Sir, in your generosity, and I in my personal esteem, can give him, not only because his Uncle in a supererogation of Merit might challenge an Indulgence from us for him, and that overflowing worth might well run down from the one to the other, but because he has so much of his own, that he wants not any to be transferred from another ; and he is above all imputed Merit. He might be spared, at least as some, though guilty of Treason and high Offences, have had their Pardon upon the account of their Ancestors, or others of the Race, who have done great Service : But he is moreover to be honoured too, and not only upon the right of Relation, but, like Virtue it self, for his own sake. His Attainments at *St. Paul's* School were wonderful, and which *Dr. Colet* the Patron of the School, and the early Patron of Letters (in the Age wherein they were restored) would have been proud of, and for which *Erasmus* would have thought he had a new and grateful Subject to congratulate and to praise him. Thus he began with triumph, where others may end with praise, and his Improvements were suitable to his Beginnings, his progress afterwards to his first Motions. He shined at the University, and with a light, which, as Stars do in their going round the World, he carried with him. That Cardinal who had Earls for the Officers of his Family would have rejoiced in having this Son of an Earl a Member of his College, and the delightful view of his flourishing in the shade thereof would have been some allay to the Misfortunes of the great and unhappy Churchman ; *Henry* the Eighth would have had this new reason for his Ambition to be called its Founder, and here he would have seen his *Ascham* and *Cheek*, and more than

these two in one. The learned Primate, who attended King *Charles* the First in that College, and who is said to have taught the Uncle, would, in a joyful amazement, have seen the Nephew above his teaching. There is a Kindred not only to Estate but to Wit, and this he had in all the height and advantage of Relation on the Fathers and the Mothers side: My Lord *Orrery's* Wit can never want evidence from his Writings, and his Friends, and (I have heard) from his Sickness too; for an Irish Peer has told me, that going to visit him in a Fever, he met the Duke of *Buckingham* upon the same design, who being as much transported with the pleasure of his Wit, as the Earl was himself with the pain of his Disease, when that was flaming too as this, cried out, *My Lord Orrery has said many things so refined and surprising, that in his Head he seems to be no less in health than ever, and the Fever does not so much discompose the Faculties of his Body, as it discovers those of his Mind.* I have seen a Letter to him from King *Charles* the Second, wherein his Accomplishments were acknowledged, and that Praise was more from the Justice than the Favour of a King, of him who was so nice a Judge of Wit and of Men, and who being a Prince, we may imagine, was above the flattering others, if not above the being flattered. Not only for the sake of Mr. *Boyle's* Uncle, not only for his own, but for the sake of the two greatest things of this World, Virtue and Learning, which sit so well upon him, and make so beautiful a Figure there, I could wish that all who have a friendship for either (as you, Sir, have for both) would at the same time have a regard to him, and so encourage others of his Age and Quality to tread the like Paths of Glory, in which they have so good a Leader, so lovely an Example. There is need of all this Zeal and Method for rewarding the Good, and inviting others, in this our Age more than ever, when Parents take so little care of Youth, and they afterwards less of themselves, when there is often no other Discipline but to learn Vice by Art, when Learning, which in noble young Men was always esteemed an Ornament, is thought a Burden, till they

are one themselves to their Family and their Country; they shake off the least particles of Knowledge, as a thing unfashionable, which they are ashamed of, if not as a thing troublesome, which they are weary of; they take pains to be ignorant, as some do to be otherwile, and they desire to understand no more Greek than that of the Tragedian, when he declares, That to know nothing is the most pleasant life.

As some make the Remarks abovesaid, so others, Sir, make this upon your late Attempt, That Bodies of Men are never to be provoked, which may be less liable to Errour than one, because many Eyes may see more than one, and they are much less liable to be conquer'd by him, because many hands may do more than one. If sometimes Bodies and Societies have not truth, yet they have always strength, and he so far is ever in the wrong, who with all the hardy Courage determines and gives up himself to a defeat. We should never commence the Encounter without being assured of the truth, and at the same time convinced of the importance of the Victory, if we conquer and truth prevail. However a *Greek* Father was against the World, and the World against him, yet an *English* Scholar may be contented with fewer Adversaries: You, Sir, cannot be within the suspicion of such a Conduct, because it is only Don *Quixot's* Knight Errantry, and Romantick Chivalry for a single Man to place his solitary self in Battel-array, to be so little concern'd for the safety of his own person and for the power of others, as to bid defiance to and fight with Armies. None but the King's Champion, and he only upon one Day in a whole Reign challenges and defies all the World. Indeed *Julius Scaliger* (whose Practice you would as little imitate in this, as you would his Pride in all things) contend- ed with a whole Society, the Jesuites, who were angry with him upon a suspicion of his having written the Verses that were fixt to the Pyramid at *Paris*, and which the President *de Thou* was the Author of. There was a Quarrel of *Scaliger*, as with the Jesuits, so upon their account with *Petavi-*

us, who made so much use of the *Julian Period*, which was first the happy thought of *Scaliger* his Adversary, as the *French* lately borrowed the Instruments and Furniture of War from their Enemies. Some have thought your Anger levelled its strokes not only at a particular College, but against the whole University, which that College is a part of : But I could not imagine, that, however your Designs are otherwise great and of the largest reach, this extended so far ; because I suppose you too fond of the Name of an University, and more of the Learning of it, to have a Pique against it ; and you know when that University had its place as one of the four principal in the World, with the other three, *Paris*, *Bononia*, and *Salamanca*, and what respect has in all Ages been paid to it by such as you, the Men of Learning, and of more refined and exalted Spirits. The Authority of an University is to have no little regard, the Judgment whereof has had the greatest, has been sought and courted by Kings and others of the biggest Figure, in the nicest and disputed Cases : To us Protestants Universities are almost as awful as Ecclesiastical Councils are to others, without any thing brought in a Portmanteau thither (as to *Trent*) they determine our Controversies and direct our Doubts. Our Mother University is something more than a good old Wife, that talks over her Tales in a Winter-night, and many strange Stories in a Chimney-corner, with the same toothless management of Words and of Meat. This University is not like that in the Northern Countries, where few Books, and few Readers, and little Wit, make an University ; and the little they have dwells very ill, in Buildings as mean as their Revenues, and as low as their Understandings : There the Frost of the Climate pierces deep, and benums every thing within, and makes the endowments of their Mind equal to those of their Subsistence. But the other University we speak of is that of which a late Writer upon the Antiquities of *Palmyra* says, when he speaks of one of the nobler Monuments of that Society, a very learned Professor there, *Fame nunquam inter-moritura, dum flet*

Oxonium (et stabit in aeternum) as if it were to be much more lasting than the Marbles at *Palmyra*. Your thoughts and mine are to be sure the same (as I would have the same with you on all occasions) when I declare that he deserves not a relation to either of the Universities, who confines his esteem to one, and the Philosophy which there he learned should teach him to be in this respect a Member of both, as it made *Socrates* a Citizen of the World. The loved and the admired Prince *Henry*, when the diversions of the Country often called his Father King *James* the First to the Neighbourhood of one University, that there might be no jealous discouragements, went with his Court to the other, and when that, upon a vacancy, desired the honour of his being the Chancellour, there was this answer from his good natured Wit, *I will be Chancellour of both the Universities*. He could not promise more kindly to one, nor deny more softly to the other, nor shew himself more equal to both.

I am very apt, Sir, to take every thing you say or do in the better sense, and to suppose that in such a sense you said or did it; and then it may be pleaded, that as the Prince of *Monaco* is now to make two Entries at *Rome*, one as a Sovereign Prince, another as an Ambassador, so Mr. *Boyle* made his Entry into this Controversie not as a Gentleman, in all the Equipage of Greatness, and glories of Birth, but as a Scholar, in all the improvements and triumphs of Education, which want no addition or flourish from his Birth: In respect of the gaudy advantages of this, he is here Incognito; and so like others in that condition, he is to be contented with the treatment he meets with, as the great Ladies in Masquerade were lately at *Bruxels*. The Ball of learned Contention is like the *English* Foot-ball, at which we say all are Fellows, and there, as in a Game, every Man is to take his fortune, and to shew himself a Philosopher, not only in managing the Debate, but as much in bearing the chances and the issues of it. The chances of this War are often as uncertain, sometimes as fierce as those of the other, and this too has its Wounds, and such marks of Honour, which the most honourable

rable Person may condescend to receive: So did *Henry* the Eighth in his Encounter with *Martin Luther*, King *James* the First in his with Cardinal *Perren* (not to name that with *Scioppius*) King *Charles* the First in the Controversie with Mr. *Henderson*. You have taken pity on *Asop*, made the crooked Man streight, bestowed *Recesses* and charming Airs on the deformed, and when you have been so generous to give perfection where others could not discover any, you can never be so unjust to take it away where you find it: Every one finds it in Mr. *Boyle*, and thinks it there very well placed and seated, admires it where it is found so much to advantage, and I am willing to suppose his having this perfection among the rest, such a generous candour and justice, that he esteems it his misfortune to have the name of your Adversary, to dispute with that worth to which he would pay all acknowledgments, and which he would contend with only in emulation. Though I have not such a regard to birth in Men as the *Arabians* have to that in Horses, whose Genealogies they keep very gravely upon record for fifteen hundred Years together, and expect a suitable beauty, and strength, and swiftness, yet where the merit of the Ancestors is continued in the Off-spring, I have a double regard to the Merit and the Birth when joined together. Seeing you have so sharp an Eye for the Faults of Authors, you cannot but have one for the Perfections of Men, you can never be a stranger to those which all others are so well acquainted with and delight in, you have too lively a sense of Mind to be the last who sees them, and so much greatness of Mind to be the first that owns them. You, Sir, who have all this worth of your own can have no occasion to lessen his, as the Man who is rich himself is not within the excuse of a temptation to rob another. You that every day can discover new Worlds of Learning, cannot envy or deny to a modest and rightful Pretender some share in the old; as only the *Bucaniers*, in the new Indian World, take away the Goods of those who come from the old. You may reign, like a certain neighbouring Prince, in your new Conquests, and you may give your self any Possessions or Lands

Lands in Countries yet unknown, as the first Discoverers set out and allot what Territory and Empire they please to themselves.

I rejoyce almost as much as a Servant would do in his being free, in your making *Aesop* so, that he may go about the World in Embassies, when before he had no higher place than among the Servants, and was scarce worthy to be in the Train of an Ambassador. I no less congratulate your Design in giving beauty as well as liberty to *Aesop*, of making his good Figure equal to his Wit, and doing right to him with your own Wit, after all the injuries of common Fame, and the prevailing reproaches of long Tradition: As the *Irish* wonder of old Age, the Countess of *Desmond*, who is said to have been Maid of Honour in the Court of *Edward* the Fourth, lived so long as to tell this latter Age, that *Richard* the Third was no Crook-back, as the slanders of History have drawn him, but a streight and comely Person, so much was the King in the good Graces of the Lady, and as if she would have him to be in favour not only with her self, but with all her Sex, she would thus set right the Man, and the opinion of him. I am so much a well-wisher to Mankind, that I would have them all to be beautiful, wise, and good; and all to be free and happy, and then I am a thankful well-wisher to every one that makes them so; and let them who would thus restore the joyful State, and retrieve the Golden Age, have a larger share in the advantages and joys thereof.

Upon the Reasons which I have declared, and others which your far greater Prudence will propose, though I cannot pretend to advise, yet I would beg leave to wish, that there may be no more Writing on either side, not upon this Subject, that when there is a Peace between Princes, there might be one between Authors too, that the late flowing of the Blood from the Arm of *St. Nicholas* in *Italy* (as if a Chirurgeon had opened a Vein in that Arm) might be no presaging Omen of War, and the shedding of Ink between the Learned in *England*. I could wish that the Temple of *Janus* might

might not again be opened, not by a Divine, whose Office or Business is in Temples; and I doubt not, Sir, but you can be well contented to perform Duty there, and not, as lately a great Bishop said Mass, with the noise of Kettle-drums and Trumpets. I offer nothing here as Advice, because I should be too much an Undertaker in doing so, and because I hear the advice has been offered by a great Man, in whom the doing it would be no boldness (as in me it were) but one of his many favours to you, and who performed every thing so well, that few must pretend to attempt it after him: If I of all Men should, I must be guilty of more arrogance in respect of him, than that which I profess to avoid in respect of your self, his Hand should be always the last, and that stroke must indeed be a bold one, which is given by any other Hand after his. I would not not have your Fate, Sir, to be the same with that of a late Writer too, who from another great Man had receiv'd the same advice upon a like occasion, and acted against it, but with such a success, which was the punishment of the disobedience, *He would not take my Counsel*, said his Patron, *he suffers, and let him suffer*. You may please to remember the saying of one (whom you knew very well, and who was as much honoured as known by you and others) to his Answerer, to him who would be too much and too often so, and the saying may be useful not only to his Adversary, but to his Friend. *Some may think it the first part of Wisdom not to begin these Disputes; (and I am of their mind if they did not touch the Christian Faith) and they cannot but judge it to be the next to know where to make an end*. Thus did that excellent Man first begin to dye, this was the soft and peaceful Harmony which the Swan sang before his death; these were the last words he spoke from the Press, and they should have all that reverence from us which those of dying Men have from others. As Sir *Edward Dering* in the midst of all his fierceness against Archbishop *Laan* confessed to the Parliament, that *St. Paul's Church* would be his Monument, and his Book against *Fisher* his Epitaph (when it was resolved that he should soon want one) so these words deserve a place

on the Tomb of this Defender of the Archbishop, and once Dean of St. *Pauls*. He had been long and often exercised in the ungrateful Labours of Controversie with Deists and Socinians, Papiests and others ; all the Enemies of Truth were at the same time his : And then as a good old General, who has spent the blood of his Youth and the wisdom of his Age in the Service, in many Battels, and as many Victories, and at last makes that best Retreat, of his Life, from Action and Hurry, he was to sit down and rest at home, to enjoy the glory of his Triumphs, or bewail the continuance of the Warrs. He who had done so much and so well, in the fiercer part (wherein his Performances left none dissatisfied but himself) was to change the Scene for one more bright and cheerful, he was to shut up the noisie fatigue in all the quiet satisfactions of Study and the gentle caresses of Thought, as after a stormy day there is often a Sun-set and Evening serene and calm. He declared that he would Write no more on the Subject ; and was this Declaration a Prophecy too, that he would write no more (for so he did not) on any ? As Prophecy, which is always a Gift, is said to be oftner given to dying Persons ; and, according to the Writer of Bishop *Jewel's* Life, when so many holes and breaches are made by sickness in the Body, the Soul within it has a more free and easie view to see through those open breaches and look farther abroad. I need not tell you (who, when every one knows such great things of him, do yet know greater, and were let into the whole Secret of his worth) that this is the extraordinary Person, of whom we cannot easily say too much ; and the *French* Abbot (I am sure) said too little, when telling the World the thing which few were pleased in hearing (*that he was dead*) he was contented to add no more than that *he was one who had written many Books*. When I repeat his words, I cannot, Sir, but think I oblige you with them, seeing they are his, who now alas is dead, and whom you had so just an esteem for while living ; they must be very pleasing to you, when every thing he spoke was so to others : *I intend not*, said he, *to draw this Saw any longer*. Indeed this Saw only cuts and tears as it goes,

goes, and much more it does so when the fierce and awkward Instrument is drawn over so rough and knotty a piece of Wood, which can never be wrought and formed into any thing very comely or useful. The Subject of your present Controversie is always rough, and at last unfruitful, cannot be made otherwise by the most skilful hand, nor by yours. The drawing of this Saw you think, I may suppose, an ungrateful Office, as the common drawing of the other is a servile one, a drudgery, and the noise thereof is far from being Musick to him who makes it as well as to him that hears it. How far the having any part in the least shew of Contention may be suitable to the Character of a Divine, I need not say, when I am writing to you, who understand so nicely the several Characters and Relations of Men, and the several Offices and Decencies belonging to them: Among the many Pagan Writers you converse with, you are no stranger to that Remark of one, upon whose Book (in respect of its Author) there is no dispute, as little now as at the time of his death, when every Reader covered for a Legacy and Inheritance the Lamp which it had so strong a smell of, and by the Light whereof he writ it. *There is, he says, a particular Scheme of Action belonging to every particular Man, there is a distinction in Duty as well as in Dress, and that is suited to the Circumstances as well as this to the Body of the Person.* My Lord Orrery indeed writ a Book of the Art of one sort of War; but let there be no force upon his young Relation to shew his skill in the Art of another. Let there be no fierce things betwixt you, as there lately were betwixt the two great Men in the North, *Saplekh* and *Oginski*, and auxiliary Pens are not, we hope, to come into the Quarrel, as the Polish Nobleman offered to the King robes *Sabians* for his Service. If there must be any thing like a Sword, and the Pen must be like one, may it be as harmless as that, with the nice distance whereof *Cleveland's* Ambassadour beds a Queen, as gentle as the Weapon which in all the peaceful Ceremony the Emperor held forth to be kiss'd by the Proxy at the late Investiture of a new Elector. We might surely hope for easie times and

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calm Seasons, and only the milder West-winds blowing from the Poles, without the coming of the mighty and wonderful Man in the pompous description of a graceful Mien, a charming Countenance, and all the appearances of lovely Majesty, who, according to the Speech of the Jew to the several Nations on the Exchange at *Afracan*, is to restore Peace, to reform the World, and to bless Mankind. There is to be a going of some lengths, and a making of some approaches on both sides, that there may be at last a coming together, as there is a Country in which the Bridegroom is to walk one half way, and the Bride another, to a middle place, or there is no Marriage between them. There can be no Peace at any time without concession and surrender, as in that with the *Poles*, the *Turks* could not have the Fortresses of *Moldavia*, but they must give up the Town of *Gaminick*, and perhaps their very Turcism too, for the Treaty begins with this Preface, In the Name of the Blessed Trinity. I would not pretend to shut and open your Mouth, as the Pope does that of the Cardinal in a solemn Ceremony. Nor will you demand my credential Powers for this my attempt of making Peace, as the Plenipotentiaries exchanged them at *Reswick* and *Carlowitz*, because you know that all Men carry such Credentials about them, and good Men never refuse them. However *France* be not the Seat of an Universal Monarchy in its King, yet there was an universal and unbounded Spirit in one of its Subjects, though it did not (as a Modern Writer says of a Nobleman's) want Elbow-room, yet it was too big to be enclosed or shut up within a Library, and his Reading had been not only there, who complained, That the view of some Manuscripts, in order to the publishing of the *Capitulaires*, had been denied by the Emperor's Servants at *Vienna*, in the late War, and most frankly declared, That Letters should never be at War, and that he had allowed the Collating of at least 24 Manuscripts in *Monsieur Colbert's Library*, for *Dr. Mill's Edition of the New Testament*: And he did not covet the glory of being singular, he did not affect to be the one solitary Example of so free and disengaged a Mind.

Mind. There was the old *Roman* greatness of Soul in *Holstenius* the Library keeper at *Rome*, who, as a late Author has told us, shewed so much Civility (notwithstanding the different Sentiments of Religion) to one of our Countrymen, and to him who was so much the worst of Subjects, that, whatever kind Offices he met with in *Italy*, he deserved none in *England*. Mr. *Selden*, who was so well able to shew some Marks of his Profession, and all the Art thereof in his Books, to defend his own bad Cause in Writing, as well as that of others in Pleading, had one general and short Reply for all his Answerers, *If my Book be good, it will support it self if otherwise, I will not, but let it fall to the Ground*. Mr *Hobbs*, (who had a greater share of his stiffness than of his Learning, whatever likeness some have imagined between them) when his Friends discovered freely to him any fault in his Book, with a freedom of another sort would say, *It is gone, and let it go*; as if there were his Fate and Necessity in the Errors too of his Writings, and there must be no repealing of them; he was not concerned to correct the Mistakes, but always to defend them, and so carried on his State of War against all Mankind in the defence thereof. A Lord Chancellor writ against him, but could reduce him to nothing of Equity in his Opinions, could not reverse his Decrees, he had as much a tribunal of Truth, as the Chancellor had of Justice, in his own Breast. None were great enough to be above his contempt, and he still was greater himself as his Adversaries were so, he valued himself as much for his having great Men his Enemies, as another would have done for the having such his Friends. Besides many others, three Bishops writ, and he despised, and so he would have done, he who ridiculed all the Councils, if there had been a general Council of them, if there had been three hundred and odd Bishops, as at *Nice*, to write against him, and in the most Canonical way, by subscribing such Decrees as he deserved. The Learning of your Books is always an Entertainment to your Readers, and so, like the wealthy Traveller, wherever they come, they bring that with them which will make them welcome, he whose Hands they fall into, owes more to them for his advantage in the use, than they to him for his good nature in the judgment of them. However the reading of your Works be so much our inclination, yet it would have been more our desire that we had not read, and you had not added the last to the number of them, we could have lived for a time without that Learning which you have shewn on this occasion, and could have waited till there had been another for your shewing it. We were not eager to have had an early Spring in Fruits of this kind, as we hear that the Greens appeared very soon in *Switzerland*, and the Bees swarmed in *Piedmont*. However some may believe this Debate between your self and Mr. *Boyl* to be as much a Notion as the late ima-

imaginary Dialogue between *Alkali* and *Acid*, (which one would think to be two grave philosophical Gentlemen, as they are there drest out, and, in that artificial Puppet-shew, made to speak) yet you have given a lively proof, what great things you can do upon a Subject truly great; and when others pretend only the doing right to that which is already so, you seem to make the Subject great, which was not before, in the management of it. You advance it, and give a value to it, which in it self had little; as there is often all the Beauty and Art in a Piece which is only drawn upon a mean and worthless Canvas. There may be more Learning spent in the Controversie than it can deserve, as some go to Law for little matters, where the cost is beyond the value; but if the thing were not worthy of so much Learning, yet the producing and shewing so much is worthy of you, and suitable to your Character, who cannot act any where but you must do something extraordinary and surprizing, and whose Spirit is so enlarged and generous, that you take every the least occasion to improve Things and Men, to communicate and inform, as it was the glory of an Emperor, to leave that Marble which he had found only Brick; and they who raise a growth of Plenty and Variety upon barren Ground are benefactors to Mankind. Indeed the thing is such, that if it fall, the Church may stand, and the State, without it; and, with it, either too may fall, with no better support, and as low as the Church of the Benedictines near *Paris* lately fell, when so many Hosts were buried in the Ruins, and only a Garment preserved entire. The less the thing is you write of, I would suspect the less, that you began at first, and now continue your writing for Glory, you have no such engagement to continue it, as you have many other not to do so. A Gentleman lately told me (and with a liberty which he took, I did not give). That the *Journal des Scavans* had determined the thing against you, before the publishing of the Latin Book, which is to instruct foreign Readers in the Controversie by the Language and the design thereof, that the laugh of the Town was on Mr. *Boyl's* side, and it could not be turned to yours (which saying, I thought, sounded odd, to make this cry like the Cracks upon Horses at *Newmarket*) that the Ladies themselves, to whom Love often gives the Prerogative of being Tyrants, read the Epistles of the *Sicilian* Tyrant (in the Translation) as if they were Billets doux, or Letters of Amour and Courtship, and in the whole Affair they are become Judges between you, as if, like two Knights in their Exploits of wonder and valour, or like the gay Youth in their Tilts and Tournaments, you were to recommend your selves to the Fair Sex by your Performance. But neither of you wants any thing from your Writings on this occasion, to recommend you to the best and the severest Judges. As for Mr. *Boyle*, he has all the Qualifications which you and I would require in a Gentleman,

man, and he is so Accomplisht as not to have those which Fashion does require, much less that of Deism; he has too much Vernde to want any shelter from the Principle, and too much Knowledge to be liable to the Error of it: As in Atheism, according to my Lord Bacon's saying, so in Deism which is only another Name for that, and is the thing it self more refined by modern Art, they who know little believe little, they go not far enough to see that which is not so be plainly seen without coming closer to it, they contemplate not the beginning nor the end of things; and where the View is so broken and disorderly, the Judgment upon it must be irregular and uncertain, as always the discovery is weak and fruitless, where the Prospect is short and imperfect. They have not that steadiness of thinking to consider, nor that exercise and strength of improved Thought to carry on their Apprehensions so far as they would go, but when they are on the Wing they soon fall down by the way; for Exercise gives strength to the Mind, as that of another sort does to the Body.

I should have given my self the ease, and paid you, Sir, the respect (to whom I am ready to pay any thing which may be called so) of imparting my Thoughts to you, without a publick conveyance, in a private, and so more friendly way, if I had the Honour of a friendship or the least acquaintance with you, I cannot but renew my wish, that you had thought it enough to have deigned an Answer, and with me would have believed it not necessary to be publish'd, as the *Brandenburgh* General before *Elling* was contented to bring 1200 Men and his Train of Artillery, and to plant his Mortars, without executing a Bombardment. When I would put in a Bar to Replies and Rejoinders, and all the other strange names of Reprisal from the Press, I would have this Subject only to be understood; at the same time I consult your ease of your not writing any more upon this, I do so consult my own, that I would not have the loss my self of your not writing any more upon any other, a loss which many would be sensible of, and none more than,

SIR,

Your humble Servant, &c.

FINIS.

